

Canadian
Pamphlets
03141

Moore, Amasa C

An address on the Battle of Plattsburgh
Plattsburgh [N.Y.] 1844.

Canadian
Pamphlets
03141

A. C. MOORE'S ADDRESS

ON THE

BATTLE OF PLATTSBURGH.

AN ADDRESS

ON THE

BATTLE OF PLATTSBURGH,

DELIVERED AT THE

CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY,

SEPT. 11th, 1843.

BY

AMASA C. MOORE.

PLATTSBURGH.

J. W. TUTTLE, PRINTER.

—
1844.

To A. C. MOORE, Esq.

The committee appointed to make arrangements for celebrating the recent anniversary of the Battle of Plattsburgh, respectfully request a copy of the address delivered by you on the 11th inst., for publication.

Very Respectfully

Your obedient Servants,

St. J. B. L. SKINNER. } Com. of the military
C. HALSEY. } Association.

Plattsburgh, Sep'tember, 1843.

Wm. F. Haile,
George Moore,
T. DeForris,
W. H. Morgan,
Pet. J. Palmer,
Benj Ketchum, }
J. W. Tuttle,

G. W. Palmer,
Sam'l. Couch,
R. A. Gilman,
C. S. Mooers,
R. A. Weed,
M. K. Platt,
G. M. Beckwith,

Committee on the part of the Citizens of Plattsburgh.

Plattsburgh, October 8, 1843,

To St. J. B. L. SKINNER, C. HALSEY, WM. F. HAILE, and others.

Gentlemen :—As the Address relates to an event of great local, if not general interest, many of the facts concerning which have been collected with some pains, from living witnesses who are fast passing off the stage, I am induced to comply with your request.

With great Respect I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,

A. C. MOORE.

ADDRESS.

FELLOW CITIZENS :

In the history of communities, as well as of individuals, there is usually some particular event, or period, that colours their after career, and is justly regarded as the most important and decisive of any portion of their existence.

Such an Era is the 11th of September, 1814—the day we have assembled to commemorate, to this particular community. A day which, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, is indelibly impressed on the memory of all who were then on the stage of existence, and which the generation which has since arisen, has been taught to regard with the deepest interest. A day, not only deeply affecting this community, but also the great and glorious republic to which we belong.—Allow me on this occasion to call your attention to some of the facts and circumstances which characterized that eventful period :—

Great Britain, in her philanthropic efforts “to fight the battles of mankind” and save the world from the universal empire of Napoleon, had monopolised the trade and commerce and colonies of every Ocean. In her desperate struggle for pre-eminence and self-aggrandisement, she trampled on the rights of all civilized nations, and it was felt as well as sung, that with despotic sway “Britannia ruled the wave.” The intervening Atlantic did not save us from hostile aggression. Our commerce was swept from the Ocean, our seamen were impressed, our flag insulted and we driven for redress to the last resort of nations.

Disastrous indeed to the honor of the American name was the commencement of the war. Scarcely had our little army gathered on the western frontier and our expectations of an invasion of Canada been excited, before the news of the capture of MACKINAW and the surrender of HULL, filled our breasts with shame and indignation.—Then followed the loss of the GROWLER and the EAGLE on our own lakes, and defeat and disaster, gloom and despondency brooded over the land at the close of the first campaign.

Our enemies exulted in their temporary success, held possession

of Michigan, and dreamed and boasted of further conquest. They little understood the people with whom they had to do.

With our peaceful policy and excellent, open and free institutions, requiring previous public discussion of every important measure, we must ever be unprepared and consequently unsuccessful in the commencement of a war; but with resources that gather strength with the using, with an energy rising with the obstacles to be surmounted, and with an ingenuity and perseverance and valor that treats nothing as impossible; the American people must ever also be successful in the end. Our troops when properly brought into action soon shewed the indomitable energy of our national character. The immortal HARRISON and PERRY, supported by [the gallant JOHNSON, CASS, SHELBY, and CROUGHAN drove the enemy from our soil, and the storming of the heights of Queenston, and the capture of Little York, and our brilliant naval victories seemed to restore in a measure, the nation's confidence in the valor of her troops. As the war progressed, large armies supposed to be adequate to the conquest of Canada, were collected on our frontier and the public anticipated some permanent achievement. But whether it was owing to really insurmountable obstacles or to gross mis-management, or to a secret design on the part of some high in office, to prevent any northern conquest; certain it is that nothing decisive was accomplished, and the brave men who fought with desperate valor whenever an opportunity was presented, were mortified and disheartened at their own inefficiency. Meanwhile, serious views of conquest began to be entertained by our enemy.—Great Britain having overthrown NAPOLEON who had retired to Elba, turned her liberated armies and immense resources to the prosecution of the American war. About this period Mr. COLQUHOUN, a celebrated statistical writer of London, calculated that peace would throw out of employ 25,000 British officers, military and naval, 2,000 Clerks, and 230,000 Non-commissioned officers and privates kept by the English government engaged in the work of human butchery, besides an immense number employed in the manufacture of arms and munitions of war.

Three points of our extensive country appeared to the English to be fatally vulnerable.—First, the outlet of the Mississippi, against which PACKENHAM was to lead an army of veterans.—Second, Washington, the seat of government, where, in August, 1814, Gen. Ross at the head of his victorious legions spread fire and sword—and lastly Lake Champlain, the great high-way of invasion, to the most densely populated portion of the Union, where SIR GEORGE PROVOST, renowned for skill and valor on many a battle field, was to lead the largest division of the formidable troops of WELLINGTON.

And, certainly, when on the 4th of September, 14,000 of these troops, with their splendid uniforms, and faultless discipline, and admirable bands and waving banners, and formidable trains of artillery, having crossed the lines, and marshalled at Champlain, and enquiring the dis-

tance to Burlington, Whitehall, and Albany, with ineffable affrontery; took up their line of march for Plattsburgh; any successful opposition to them, might well be regarded as hopeless. There was one regiment of these veterans, in which there was scarcely a man who did not bear a wound, and their disfigured faces and ferocious and determined aspect, reminded one of the hundred desperate charges and sanguinary conflicts of the Peninsular war.

And now let us look for a moment at the preparations made for defence. A change had come over the spirit and conduct of the American forces. The old Generals, who, by means of family or political influence at the commencement of the war, had been placed in command and were guilty of such egregious blunders, had been succeeded by men who had risen by merit and bravery displayed upon the field. The gallant JACKSON, and SCOTT, and BROWN, and McCOMB, now occupied prominent positions in our army. Strict discipline had taken the place of disorder, and an acquaintance had been formed with danger. The disasters of the commencement of the war had made a deep impression on the minds of our troops. An *esprit du corp* had arisen embracing an ardent desire to meet the enemy on fair terms; and I sincerely believe, there prevailed during the year 1814, especially among the officers, a fixed determination to *conquer or die*, seldom, if ever, as deeply felt by any troops in any previous war. This feeling was evinced on the bloody fields of Bridgewater, and Chippewa, at Fort Erie and New Orleans, as well as on the occasion which we now commemorate; and this feeling, pervading the American forces would have been a sure harbinger of victory in a contest of any thing like equal numbers. But at Plattsburgh barely some 1500 regular soldiers under the command of General McCOMB, and some 700 militia under General MOORE, were prepared to oppose the enemy. The nation, saddened and oppressed by the recent sacking of Washington, and aware of the tremendous force of her formidable foe, looked with deep anxiety and alarm to the issue of the contest at this important point.

While the day we commemorate imperiously demands from me some description of the battle which ensued, I am aware that such description must be very imperfect. While a desire to answer the just expectation of the public, of hearing here to-day an account of the battle, may lead me to repeat what has already been said, an equally strong desire to avoid such a repetition and rescue from oblivion, some comparatively unimportant incidents may lead me to omit many things that should be mentioned. Claiming from this intelligent audience the indulgence usually accorded to good intentions, I shall endeavor to state nothing but what has been derived from eye witnesses or authentic sources of information.

On Monday the 5th September 1814, the British army having advanced to Chazy and finding the state road guarded by Col. APPLING's Rifle Corps intrenched at Dead Creek, aided by a troop of Horse commanded by Capt. H. SAFFORD and Lieut. M. M. STANDISH, they

crossed to the Beekmantown road and encamped during the night three or four miles north of the Burdick house at Beekmantown. The militia commanded by Gen. MOOERS, and composed of Col. THOMAS MILLER's regt, a part of Col. JOINER's regt, maj. Sanford's bat. and the 37th regt, from Essex, spent the night about where the stone church in Beekmantown now stands. Between 9 and 10 o'clock at night Gen. MOOERS sent Maj. R. H. WALWORTH, our present chancellor, one of his aids, and who during the invasion acted as his Adjutant General, to the head quarters of Gen. McCOMB, who commanded at the forts, with a request that he would send a small body of Infantry and a couple of pieces of light artillery, to support the militia in the attack which he intended to make on the British forces on their advancing in the morning. Maj. WALWORTH arrived at Gen. McCOMB's quarters about midnight, and the General immediately ordered a detachment of 250 Infantry under maj. JOHN E. WOOL, who had previously and urgently requested such a command, and two pieces of light artillery under Capt. LUTHER LEONARD, to be ready by day-light to start for Beekmantown. Major WOOL organized his corps at once and marched without further orders, and arrived at Beekmantown about sun-rise. Capt. LEONARD had his Corps also in readiness at day-light, but waited for orders from Gen. McCOMB to march, (which he supposed he was to receive) in consequence of which he did not arrive in time to be in the commencement of the battle. On receiving information that the enemy were advancing, Gen. MOOERS ordered maj. WALWORTH to take a detachment of militia and march to the Creek north of the residence of Ira Howe, and take the plank from the bridge, near which maj. WOOL was taking his position in order to retard the enemy's advance, while the General with the main body of the militia formed and advanced. Maj. WALWORTH thereupon took a party of volunteers from Captains ATWOOD, COCHRAN, and MANLEY's companies, marched rapidly to the bridge and had just commenced taking off the plank, when the advanced guard of the enemy emerged from the woods within half musket shot, and fired upon the party taking up the bridge, two of whom GOODSPEED and JAY of Capt. ATWOOD's company, were severely wounded and taken prisoners.

Maj. WALWORTH and his detachment immediately fell back to the position occupied by maj. WOOL, who forming in the highway and flanked by the militia, opened a deadly fire upon the head of the British column, then just in front of Ira Howe's house, and momentarily arrested its progress.

Here several of the enemy were killed and Lieut. West of the third Buffs and 20 privates severely wounded. This scene was witnessed by Congdon Douglass, Hallock Bromley, Joel Smith, and some others of our acquaintances who joined in the fire upon the enemy. Meanwhile Gen. Mooers with the main body of the militia having formed near the residence of Levi Marshall, the long line of fiery red of the enemy, emerging from the woods, and extending far as the eye could

reach, appeared in view and the fight became general. Very soon the militia broke and mostly retreated in confusion. Many however, remained with the regulars to contest the ground inch by inch and retreat in order.

It was near this place that our esteemed townsman, Doctor Mooers, detained in binding up the head of a wounded soldier, found himself between the fires of the advancing enemy and our own retreating troops. His humane labor completed, the worthy Doctor saw at once the impropriety of his position, and putting spurs to his horse arrived within our lines with *great expedition*.

Meanwhile General Mooers with the aid of maj. Walworth, Col. Miller, Platt Newcomb, Richard, B. H. and C. S. Mooers and others of Miller's Regiment, and Reuben Sanford, Henry, and William D. Ross, David B. McNeil, and other officers of the 40th Brigade, had succeeded in rallying a portion of the militia which being ordered to join maj. Wool, with his detachment awaited the approach of the enemy at Culver's Hill about four miles from Plattsburgh. This commanding position was maintained with so much obstinacy as to compel the enemy, after attaining the summit of the hill to retire to its base with the loss of Lieut. Col. Wellington, who fell while gallantly leading the 3d Buffs to the charge. Here also Ensign Chapman fell, and Capt. Westroff of the 38th British Regiment was severely wounded. Here also several of maj. Wool's men and Patridge of the Essex militia were killed, nor was this position abandoned by maj. Wool until after he had received notice from Gen. Mooers that a column of 2000 of the enemy advancing on the west Beekmantown road was gaining his rear, when our troops fell back to Halsey's corner, within two miles of Plattsburgh.

Here it was, that Captain Leonard with his two pieces of light Artillery dispatched by Gen. McComb, arrived to take part in the action, and the fire of the artillery and the regular infantry and a portion of the militia literally mowed down the enemy's advancing column Lieut. Kingsbury being one of many who fell here. The engagement at this place is so graphically described by Gen. Skinner, who with Capt. Martin, J. Aiken, Azariah C. Flagg, our present Comptroller, Jas. Trowbridge, Frederick Allen, Hazen Mooers, Ira Wood, H. K. Averill, Hiram Walworth, M. W. Travis and others formed the gallant corps known as Aiken's Volunteers, that I beg leave to quote it.

"At this point," says Gen. Skinner, "one of the finest specimens of discipline ever exhibited, was shown by the British troops on the occasion of the opening of Capt. Leonard's battery upon them. The company to which I was attached formed a part of the left of our little army, and was on the rise of ground west of the road leading from Halsey's corner to Isaac C. Platt's, about midway between the Artillery and the head of the British column, and the whole scene was open to our view. Here (at Halsey's corner) was a battery of two field pieces so perfectly masked by a party of the Infantry that the

enemy were probably not aware of it until it opened upon them.

There, a dense column of men, with a front equal to the width of the road and extending nearly half a mile in length, pressing on with a buoyancy and determination of spirit betokening an expectation that they would be enabled to walk into our works against all opposition.

* * * * *

Suddenly, with the noise of thunder, the sound of cannon came booming through the air. It sent forth a round shot which took effect near the centre of the front platoon about breast high and ploughed its way through, sweeping all before it the whole length of the column, opening a space apparently several feet wide, which, however, was immediately closed as if by magic and the column pressed on as if nothing had happened. A second shot was fired with like effect and similar consequences, but when the third discharge came with a shower of grape shot, there was a momentary confusion. Immediately, however, the charge was sounded by some dozen British bugles, which through the clear and bland atmosphere of a bright September morning was the most thrilling and spirit stiring sound that could greet a soldier's ear. In an instant of time the men forming the advance of the column had thrown their Knapsacks on either side of the road and bringing their pieces to a charge advanced in double quick time upon our miniature battery."

If, as Gen. Skinner remarks, the disciplined advance of the British was so admirable, the skilful and systematic retreat of the corps under the gallant Wool and a portion of the militia, was no less admirable. In front of an overwhelming force, platoon after platoon delivered their fire and fell back to load and form in regular succession, contesting every inch of ground and seizing every favorable point to unlimber their artillery and pour a deadly shower of grape upon the advancing enemy. After repeated contests they were driven across the river, the bridges were taken up in the retreat, a final stand was made on the southern bank of the Saranac and the enemy driven back beyond the reach of our guns. It was near the upper bridge that John Peters fell by the side of our townsman Benj. G. Wood, and near the lower, Stephenson of the Essex militia was killed, and Zephaniah Pitt Platt severely wounded whilst gallantly aiding maj. Wool in the repulse of the enemy. In all some 45 of our men were killed or wounded in the retreat, while the loss of the British was far more considerable. One Lieut. Colonel, 2 Captains, 4 Lieutenants, and more than 200 men killed or wounded, attested the serious nature of the opposition they encountered. The next morning the British led by Captain Noodie in attempting to cross the river a few miles west of the village were bravely repulsed by Capt. Vaughan's company of Col. Miller's Regiment, and for the four succeeding days while the enemy were erecting batteries, to play upon the forts, frequent skirmishes along the river accustomed our militia to the smell of powder, and the gallant Green Mountain boys under the patriotic Gen. Strong were wasted to

our aid by every eastern breeze until our force amounted to upwards of 3000 men. Lieut. Runk of the 6th Regiment was shot by the enemy on the 8th instant near the present residence of A. C. Moore, and the chivalrous McGlassson on the evening of the 9th, with 150 men crossed the Saranac and stormed, and took at the point of the bayonet a battery defended by four hundred of the enemy, and having spiked the guns made good his retreat without the loss of a single man. The battle of Beekmantown, the spirited resistance to the advance of the enemy, and the burning of the Court House and other buildings north of the River by the hot shot from our batteries, undoubtedly prevented an immediate attack upon the forts which at that time in the unfinished state of the defences could not have been successfully resisted.

While matters were thus situated on shore, a still more exciting scene was preparing on the lake. The immortal McDonough having disposed of his 4 vessels and 6 galleys embracing a force of 86 guns and 820 men in line of battle stretching from within the point of Cumberland Head to the shoals around Crab Island, so that with each wing protected, he was safe from a land attack; and having commended himself, his men, his cause and his country to the God of battles, on the clear and beautiful Sabbath morning of the 11th of September, he awaited in silence and at anchor, the approach of the enemy.

The command of Lake Champlain, stretching as it does 150 miles into the interior and affording great facilities for transportation, was indispensable to the success of any invasion. Without it, all attempts to penetrate to any considerable distance, must of necessity prove abortive. The British had made preparations, commensurate with the vital importance of the object to be attained. The Frigate *Confiance* alone mounting 39 guns had been completed and a force of 4 vessels and 13 galleys, mounting 95 guns and manned by 1050 picked men and commanded by the Gallant Downie, seemed to render success any thing but doubtful.

It was about 8 o'clock in the morning that the large dark hulls of these vessels with their heavy rows of projecting cannon, and their decks red with men and bristling with arms, one after the other rounded the Head under easy sail and approached their adversary. With a favorable wind, they chose their own distance and position, and at 9 o'clock they anchored in order of battle within 60 rods of McDonough's line; the *Confiance*, facing the *Saratoga*, the 27 gun flag ship of the Americans. Three cheers rose on the wind as the wild battle cry from the British line; and three cheers echoed back defiance from beneath the stars and stripes. Scarcely had the sound died away when a heavy gun from the *Confiance* thundered forth its smoke and flame; another followed, and the ball danced along on the surface of the deep; a third—and instantly the broad side of McDonough, belched forth its deadly shower of iron; the splinters flew from the side of the *Confiance*, and the cry of agony and death, arose only to be drowned in the deafening

roar of a hundred cannon. Every vessel became engaged in the desperate struggle.

We had every thing to defend—they had every thing at stake, honor, country, and fame---every thing dear to man was at issue. There was no retreat for either; and neither looked, or hoped, or cared for any thing but victory or death. Clouds of smoke mounted to the sky, the shores trembled and shook with the rapid concussion, the vexed water thrown high by the iron shower glistened in the sun, and the Green Mountains echoed back the thundering crash that rent and convulsed the elements. To add to the sublimity and grandeur of the scene, the British thousands on the shore moved forward to attack the American lines; the heavy batteries opened upon the forts, and the artillery of the forts hurled death and havoc upon the advancing foe. For two dreadful hours the battle on the lake continued with unremitted vigor. True, many a gallant hero had fallen; the decks were crimsoned with human gore; twice McDonough's ship had been on fire; one British vessel had floated helpless down the line, and two galleys had been sunk; but still, there waved in proud defiance the Eagle and the Lion, and there though crippled, weakened and exhausted, the same desperate energy urged on the conflict.

At length on board the *Confiance* and *Saratoga*, gun after gun was dismantled and disabled, until but one or two, in either ship could be brought to bear upon its adversary. Then indeed a portentous pause ensued, both vessels attempted to wear. The *Confiance* the most damaged and unmanageable had barely brought her bow in raking position, when McDonough having cut his bower cable and let go a stern anchor, brought his fresh broad side to bear upon her. One withering discharge smashed through her timbers and swept her decks, and she lay a helpless, disabled hulk upon the water. Just as McDonough was about to pour into her another broad side, the British colours trembled---fluttered in the air---and then came down—down—down, upon the deck.

One joyous cry of victory—victory, burst from the well, the wounded, and the dying, of McDonough's ship. Then she veered and poured her broadside into the British brig---down came her colours also, and down followed the colours of the rest of the line. The cry of victory spread from ship to ship beneath the stars and stripes, which proudly waved triumphant and alone.

In my view there never was a more fair or desperate engagement. There was on either side no cowardice, no mismanagement; but the banner of England struck of necessity before the superior skill and prowess of her antagonist. So far as human means were concerned, the enemy did not yield until no chance was left between surrendering and annihilation. But the pious, the glorious McDonough felt to his inmost soul that there was a power above all others that controlled all human events. How concise, appropriate and beautiful is the follow-

ing letter addressed to the Secretary of the Navy in the moment of victory :

“ U. S. Ship *Saratoga* off Plattsburgh, Sept. 11th.

“ SIR :—The Almighty has been pleased to grant us a signal victory on Lake Champlain in the capture of one Frigate, one Brig and “ two sloops of war of the enemy.”

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully Sir,

Your obedient servant,

T. McDONOUGH.

The result of the battle was witnessed by the contending thousands on the shore. Astonishment, terror and dismay spread from rank to rank among the British host ; and joy, triumph, and gratitude to God filled the hearts of the Americans. While the shout of victory rose from the forts, McComb and Wool and Boynton and Brooks and Totten and Richards and Mc Glasson and Smith and their brave companions nerved themselves for the desperate struggle, against such fearful odds, and prepared for at least, a glorious death.

When the firing ceased upon the lake, Maj. Walworth (who had been despatched early in the action by Gen. Mooers from the plain to station a portion of the Vermont militia on the Saranac and learn and report the result of the naval engagement,) was seen through the thin trees returning with his horse at the top of his speed and waving his hat, Gen. Mooers well knew the joyous signal and three deafening cheers rose from the line of the gallant New York militia and spread like wild fire on the right among the brave Green Mountain Boys.— This was interrupted by the sharp rattle of the approaching musketry as the British legions having crossed high up the river, pressed onward. Their forward progress was soon arrested, their left wing cut up by the Vermonters and they driven back across the Saranac above, while McGlasson and Grovenor and Hamilton and Riley, of the regulars repulsed them at the lower bridge, and the following night they fled in consternation to the Province line.

The victory had not only filled the enemy with terror, but it inspired our own troops and some of our unarmed citizens with energy and resolution. It was on the morning of the 12th, that Sheldon Durkee Ephraim Rand, and Samuel Norcross, entirely unarmed, met three British Soldiers on the retreat and simultaneously sprang upon them and seized their guns. A most desperate personal rencountre ensued—a struggle for life. Rand and his antagonist equally matched in point of strength, strained every sinew for the mastery which neither could obtain ; Norcross sunk before the superior power of his adversary who threw him on the ground and poured the blazing contents of his musket into his body then turned from the dying Norcross and rushed upon the struggling Rand. At this critical moment Durkee, who with a convulsive effort had wrenched his gun from the third soldier and stretched him upon the ground, prostrated the antagonist of Rand with its butt and pointing its loaded muzzle at the other soldier com-

pelled him to surrender. Then leaving Rand to bind up the wounds of poor, expiring Norcross, the victorious Durkee marched his three prisoners into camp. I see the white head of the brave old Durkee in this assembly and am happy here to make honorable mention of this heroic deed.

While here all was courage and animation. The news of victory flew upon the wings of the wind to every port of the Union, spreading joy and rejoicing through the land, and inspiring in every corps of our army new life and resolution. At no place did it come more opportunely than at Fort Erie. There the gallant band of heroes who had fought so gloriously at Chippewa and Bridgewater, reduced in point of numbers, found themselves beleaguered by an overwhelming force, and compelled to witness the daily approach of those batteries which must prove their ultimate destruction. To seize upon those batteries was their only hope of deliverance. And when for this object under cover of a dark night they were drawn out of the fort, the news of the victory of Plattsburgh spread from rank to rank, cheering and nerving every heart, and with resistless energy they scaled the batteries, and rushed upon the bayonets of the enemy, and by one successful blow put to flight all the enemy's hope of conquest. It was while ascending those ramparts that our honored townsman, Capt. Haile, was shot through the body, fell in the ditch and was borne by his victorious comrades all but dead within our lines.

At New Orleans the news of the victory of Plattsburgh cheered the hearts and nerved the arm of the Old Hero who closed the war with a still more glorious victory. Wafted across the water, the victory of Plattsburgh filled the British nation with despondency, while at Ghent it formed a weighty argument that Lord Gambier and his compeers could not answer.

Previous to September the British commissioners with all the arrogance of conquerors proposed as terms of peace, that the disputed territory of Maine should be ceded them; that the British alone should possess the armed occupation of the upper lakes, not even permitting a fortification on the American shore, and under pretence of protecting her Indian allies, they demanded as a *sine qua non*, that the United States should relinquish the western part of Ohio and the whole of the Northwestern Territory; and yet on the 24th day of December following, these very commissioners receded from every one of these disgraceful propositions and signed a treaty of peace on terms of honorable reciprocity.

Such, Fellow Citizens, are some of the considerations which, however imperfectly stated, render it proper for us to commemorate this day. And while our hearts rise in gratitude to Almighty God for the peace now preserved within our borders, we perform an important and solemn duty in honoring the glorious dead who fell in defence of the blessings we enjoy.





